A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying small objects 500 times, will be mailed to any address, on the receipt of 25 cents, in silver, and I red Stamp. Five of different powers, free of postage. $1. Address, F. BOWEN, Lock Box, 114, Boston, Mass.

THE AGENT OF VANITY FAIR IN LONDON, ENGLAND, is JOHN ADAMS KNIGHT, Publisher of the "LONDON AMERICAN," No. 100 Fleet street. The trade will be supplied and subscriptions received at his office. Single copies also for sale.

VOL. 5. NO. 106

# VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JANUARY 4,

1862.

## BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

AS PLAYED BY JOHN BULL WITH THE "AUTHORITIES ON INTERNATIONAL LAW."

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 100 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM-SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New-York.

## Artemus Ward

Will repeat his celebrated humorous Lecture

"THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,"

Before the New-York Mercantile Library Association, at Clinton Hall, on THURSDAY, January 2d, 1862.

Single Tickets 50 Cents. Tickets admitting a Lady and Gentleman, 75 cents.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

## TIMOTHY TITCOMB'S NEW WORK.

JUST PUBLISHED

BY

C. SCRIBNER, 124 Grand Street, New York.

A companion volume to LETTERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE and GOLD FOIL. 1 vol., 12mo., 350 pages, $1. Gilt edges $1.50.

The "Lessons" are twenty-four in number, and they are not only "lessons in life," but from life. The topics discussed are those which are of interest to every thoughtful man and woman, and they are treated freshly, clearly and forcibly, with abundant ingenuity of argument and aptness of illustration. The publisher is convinced that the book will prove to be even more popular than its predecessors, to which it is regarded a companion volume.

NOW READY,

NEW EDITIONS OF

**TITCOMB'S WORKS.**

20th Edition "Letters to Young People." 1 vol., 12mo., $1.

15th Edition "Gold Foil." 1 vol., 12mo., $1.

15th Edition "Bitter Sweet." 1 vol., 12mo., 75 cents.

15th Edition "Miss Gilbert's Career." 1 vol., 12mo., $1.25.

Copies sent by mail, post paid on receipt of price.

## Volunteers, Attention.

For the derangements of the system, incidental to the change of diets, Wounds, Eruptions, and exposures, which every Volunteer is liable to. There are no remedies so safe, convenient and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTENT, 25 cts. per box. 209

## Glorious Parson BROWNLOW.

Carte de Visite Photographic PORTRAIT of PARSON BROWNLOW

Brownlow's heroic DAUGHTER, who defended the Stars and Stripes, revolver in hand, for sale by

ANTHONY,

Manufacturer of Photographic Albums, No. 501 Broadway, New York.

Price 25 cents each; free by mail. Remittances may be made in postage stamps. Also, Portraits of 800 other eminent Americans. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp.

## IMPORTANT!

All articles for soldiers should be sent by

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway

As they charge ONLY HALF RATES. They send to Port Royal, Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Hatteras Inlet, Sandy Hook and all other places daily at 12:30, 1:30, and 4:45 P. M.

## STACKHOUSE'S OLEATE OF ROSES.

A most superior and efficacious remedy for the prevention and cure of chapped lips and hands, and all inflamed and irritated surfaces. Ladies will find by its use that it will keep their lips and hands as soft as velvet. It heals like magic—say those who have used it. Prepared only by

DAVID L. STACKHOUSE,

Chemist and Druggist,

Handel and Haydn Hall,

8th and Green sts., PHILADELPHIA

Skates 25 cents to 25 dollars. Everything in the skating line, (except ponds) to suit all ages, sexes, tastes and purses. CONOVER & WALKER, 474 Broadway, N. Y. Out of town orders attended to carefully and promptly.

## Editors throughout the Country

Who have received this paper for ONE YEAR, will please insert the following—NOTICE AND TERMS—THREE TIMES in their advertising columns, and send marked copies of the papers containing the same to this office. The paper will not be sent to such as do not comply with our terms, as our exchange list is an unusually large one.

# Notice to Subscribers.

WE OFFER AS A PREMIUM TO

EVERY THREE DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER TO VANITY FAIR,

A COPY OF THE

## ARTEMUS WARD LETTERS,

To be shortly published, in book form, by RUDD & CARLETON, of this city. Price, $1 00.

We will send any other ONE DOLLAR Publication which may be preferred.

We do not prepay the paper to Premium Subscribers, but the

BOOK WILL BE SENT POSTAGE FREE.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| One Copy one year | Postage | unpaid | $2 50 |
| " " and "Artemus Ward Letters," | " | unpaid | 3 00 |
| " " | " | paid | 3 00 |
| Two Copies one year (to one address) | " | paid | 5 00 |
| Five Copies one year (to one address) | " | unpaid | 10 00 |
| One Copy one year and Worcester's Ills'd Q'rto Dictionary | " | unpaid | 6 00 |
| Three Copies one year and Worcester's Ills'd Quarto Dictionary, | | | 9 00 |

**BOUND VOLUMES.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Three Volumes and copy of paper one year, books prepaid only | | 7 00 |
| Single Volume | Postage paid | $2 00 |
| Four Volumes and Copy of Paper, one year, books prepaid only, | | 8 00 |
| Three Volumes " " " (to California) books prepaid only | | 8 00 |
| Four Volumes " " " " " | | 9 00 |

Remittances must be made in Gold, New York or Eastern Currency, or other Currency at New York par. Seal all letters securely, and address plainly to

LOUIS H. STEPHENS, Publisher for Proprietors,
No 100 Nassau

## OUR GREAT PREMIUM.

To any one sending us $9.00 for three subscriptions to VANITY FAIR for one year (or one subscription for three years) we will present a splendid copy of

WORCESTER'S ILLUSTRATED QUARTO DICTIONARY,

which is published at $7 50,

Read the following notices of the work:

From the "Daily Picayune," New Orleans.

"In fine, we cannot but consider Worcester's new book as in itself the 'pure well of English undefiled,' while the streams that have for ages been flowing into it so copiously, to enrich it and to receive from it richness, are so beautifully and clearly mapped out and delineated as at once to furnish entertainment and instruction to the reader"

From the "Mobile Daily Tribune."

"We make no doubt that the work will speedily take its position as the recognized STANDARD of the English language of the nineteenth century, and have no hesitation in recommending it as not only a safe, complete, and reliable guide, but as the only such guide within our knowledge."

From Louis Agassiz, L.L. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy. More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

Address, LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for Proprietors of VANITY FAIR.
100 Nassau Street, New York.

IMPROVED Gutta Percha CEMENT ROOFING

Is water-proof, and *Costs only about one-third as much as Tin,* AND IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

THE CHEAPEST and most DURABLE ROOFING in use. FIRE and WATER PROOF. Applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, and sent to all parts of the country with full directions for use. Send for a Circular

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING.

JOHNS & CROSLEY,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
78 WILLIAM ST.,
(COR. LIBERTY ST.),
NEW YORK.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT,

FOR preserving new and repairing LEAKY METAL ROOFS of every description; WILL NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER.

Agents Wanted. Terms Cash!

**JOHNS & CROSLEY'S AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE,** FOR CEMENTING WOOD, LEATHER, GLASS, IVORY, CHINA, MARBLE, PORCELAIN, ALABASTER, BONE, CORAL, &c., &c., the only article of the kind ever produced which will withstand water. Liberal terms to Wholesale dealers.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

JOHNS & CROSLEY, Sole Manufacturers,

Wholesale Warehouse, 78 William st., cor. Liberty.

## Advertising Rates of Vanity Fair.

Title Page, 50 cents per line, occupying 1-3 the space across the page.

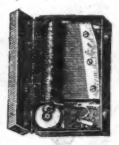
Title Page, $1.50 per line, across the page.

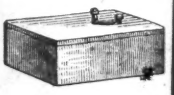
Second Page, 25 cents, wide column.

" " 10 cents, narrow column.

## GREAT MUSICAL BOX DEPOT.

M. J. PAILLARD, Importer, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Has for sale the most extensive assortment in the country, at prices varying at Two to Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, each playing 1, 2, 3 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16 and 24 airs.





BEAUTIFUL TOY BOXES FOR CHILDREN.

BOXES TO SUIT ALL AGES AND TASTES. Call and examine them!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches Cheap for Cash.

MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED.

*HAWKES'S*

## Celebrated Gold Pens,

**GEORGE F. HAWKES,**

MANUFACTURER,

.64 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.

Keeps constantly on hands, Pens of all sizes and qualities. Gold and Silver Screw Cases, Pen-holders, Tooth-picks. &c., at prices to suit the demand.

All the above goods are fully warranted, and finished in the best manner, and stamped with manufacturer's name.

The Trade most liberally treated with.

Single pens, or any of the above goods, sent by mail, free of charge, to any part of the country, on receipt of price.

Pens repaired in a superior manner for 50 cents, inclosing the amount in three-cent Postage Stamps.

ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Send for Circular containing prices.

## WARD & PARRY, PUBLISHERS,

BOOKSELLERS and Importers, (Successors to H. W. Derby.) 625 Broadway. Are selling their own Publications, together with all the current miscellaneous issues of the day at partly reduced prices.

They publish the following:

POPULAR BOOKS OF WIT AND HUMOR.

| | |
|---|---|
| The Widow Bedott Papers, 12mo., cloth, | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Partington, by B. P. Shillaber, | 1 00 |
| The Sparrowgrass Papers, | 1 00 |
| Riley's Humors of the West, | 1 00 |
| Brougham's Humorous Irish Stories, | 1 00 |
| Miss Slimmens' Window, | 1 00 |
| Prentice's Wit and Humor, | 1 00 |
| Letters of Jack Downing, 12mo., | 1 00 |
| Jack Downing's Yankee Stories, | 1 00 |

## STEAM JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,

44 ANN STREET.

CHAPIN & McKAY,

"VANITY FAIR" PRINTERS,

Newspaper, Book, Job and Card Printing neatly executed on the most reasonable terms, and with dispatch.

# PREFACE TO VOL. V.

COURTEOUS READER !

All men are soldiers, now, and some women : let us Generalize.

Herewith we commence our Fifth Volume, the illustrious galaxy of talent looming upon the future of which seems clothed in the mail of MARS rather than in the muslin of MINERVA. Let us take "A Good Fight" as the motto of this, our Fifth Volume. Tell "Other Tales" to the Merinoes of the South, who came out about wool and are likely to go home shorn !

War will form a conspicuous feature in our new volume. There will be a strong smell of gunpowder, you may depend upon it ; for, in addition to our Attic salt, we have a large stock of Saltpetre in our Attic ; and the other important element of the explosive, Brimstone, to wit, will be found in every line written by us on the subject of the Rebel Rout. Brimstone, to Wit, is the subdued clove of garlic that flavors the sauce.

It has been remarked that War is a great game of checkers, or draughts. From this tradition the checkered life of a soldier derives much of its romance. To this tradition our Government has well adhered ; for, with its Checkers it has already done much to check rebellion, be the Draughts upon its treasury what they may. But there was forbearance before the word "Fire !" was thundered forth. Long time suffered we the South-men, we of the North. Long time we preached unto them, without taking ten-inch howitzers for our text ; and if there are, indeed, "Sermons in Stones," we may be said to preach to them yet, else are the ship-loads of that article sent out by us to convert their heathenish harbors appreciable by no higher standard than that of the despised row of pins.

The remarkable virtue of the Load Stone may yet impart its influence to the Magnates of the South.

Courteous Reader ! even in the short half-year since the date of our last preface, how bristly with war weapons we all have become !

As we gaze blandly upon the ubiquitous hardware of war with which we are hedged around, there are grounds for us to ask, with Ancient PISTOL, "Have we not Hiren here ?"—Only, we would not stick on the H, as that flagitious old Cockney did, but would call Iron Iron, and reserve our aspirations for higher things. COLUMBIA has gone heavily into the cutlery line, and must be supported. If the smouldering ashes of rebellion are to be poked up, a little, before life is quite extinct in them, let the fire-irons with which that operation is accomplished be rifled ones. Henceforth, while the war lasts, let poker and tongs be rifled, and the shovel and the coal-scuttle—all. We must be consistent.

Watch our Fifth Volume. In no respect shall it belie the "little hatchet" raised by us for our grand country. Never shall our echoes give back other gathering cry save that of "Union and Constitution forever !

Courteous Reader ! farewell : we shall meet again at Philippi, which is at present situated at No. 100 Nassau Street, New York. Subscribe, and make all your friends, relations and neighbors subscribe to the subscriber.

**Vanity Fair.**

# RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING;

—OR—

# THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

By McARONE.

## CHAPTER IV.

Had PETER's pistol been loaded with ball, Don RANTANQUERO would inevitably have been killed. As it contained nothing but powder, and very poor powder at that, he escaped with the loss of his eyebrows.

But shooting in the face, even with a blank charge, was not an act that he could overlook with submission . . .

He shrinked PETER severely, and threw him into a ditch.

The battle now raged more fiercely than ever. The Don was getting his mad up, and began to feel bad.

He went sloshing around among a regiment of mounted infantry, and they all agreed that they had never felt so cut up in their lives before.

Directly, he met General BEAUREGARD and his staff, splendidly dressed with a fresh coat of whitewash all around.

They whipped out their swords and pistols and things, and encircled our hero, who drew himself up to his full height by the waistband of his trousers, and flashed defiance upon them with an eagle eye, while he surveyed the field with the other.

"You're a blower," said BEAUREGARD. "I know you. Who starved his washerwoman?"

"I despise you more than usual," remarked the Don; "but if you can accustom yourself to the idea of mortal combat, come on."

"Seize the caitiff!" thundered BEAUREGARD, turning pale.

"Gentlemen," said RANTANQUERO, with deep meaning, "if any man of you touches me, I'll fall on him!"

All shrank back aghast at this fearful menace.

"I want to lick you single," said the Don, more playfully, to BEAUREGARD.

"Take him away!" shrieked the General, "remove him! And bring me some brandy and bitters. I don't feel well."

His aids rushed forward to execute the mandate and the Don, but he had drawn his sword, and they were no match for such a Lucifer.

At the first lunge, one fell down a hill; at the second, another fell down a corpse; the others ran away; the balance died of fright, and the remainder were taken prisoners.

This decided the battle. When the Rebels found that their leader was very ill, they fell into confusion, and retreated in disorder. The Federals hastened to take up their killed and wounded, as the enemy was known to be hungry, and it was unsafe to leave helpless men about, who might make good nutritious provender.

PETER was found concealed in a soft-soap barrel, near Richmond, and Don RANTANQUERO took charge of him for future amusement.

General BEAUREGARD had such frightful pains and cramps that he was turned completely inside out. He was carried off, in this condition, by some of his friends, members of the first families of Virginia, and it was a month before he could be got into shape again . . . . a process only accomplished by greasing him well and persuading him to swallow himself.

After this, he did as well as could be expected, but expressed his opinion that things were slightly mixed, inside of him.

It was in this engagement that the young lieutenant of Light Quadroons, mentioned in our last chapter, captured a twelve hundred pound columbiad with one hand tied behind him, and carried it home. He now uses it for a paper-weight.

It was in this engagement that Don RANTANQUERO received seven hundred wounds, all more or less fatal, and survived them.

It was in this engagement that private SEARS, of Company A., Twelfth regiment, distinguished himself. Totally unarmed, and many hundreds of miles from the scene of carnage, he escaped without an injury, and lived happily forever after.

The Rebels retreated to Huntsville, Alabama, and proceeded to fortify that place. The Federal army took advantage of the movement to occupy Richmond, which so delighted Papa GREELEY that he immediately bought a new coat, and went on a spree; two things he was never known to do before.

Don RANTANQUERO hastened to New York with President DAVIS, as soon as the battle was over, and made a very lucrative arrangement with BARNUM, who wished to exhibit JEFF. with the baby anacondas, the What-Is-It? and over 3,000,000 of other curiosities from every part of the globe.

The Don then went down to Jersey for his wife. She was pretty glad to see him.

Returning to Washington, the happy couple were fêted and glorified everywhere. They were presented with the freedom of the city, and received appointments as Maids-of-Honor to Mrs. LINCOLN, who is really a very estimable lady, notwithstanding that the *Herald* speaks well of her.

PETER, with a chain and ball attached to his coat-tail, was confined in the guard-tent of the Don's camp. It was proposed that he should be made to take the oath of allegiance, but as that punishment is only administered, apparently, to the worst sort of criminals, the proposition was overruled.

"I swear vengeance!" howled PETER, rattling the bars of the cell where he lay, in the basement of the tent. "If I ever ketch RANTANQUERO down my way I'll . . :"

"Peace!" cried the sentinel.

Now, the cry of "Peace" is especially obnoxious, in these days, and it will not surprise the reader to learn that the sentinel caught a licking in about two and a half minutes, from some three-months veterans who heard him. On discovering that he had only been cautioning a prisoner, however, they apologized, and passed a vote of thanks.

Midnight fell upon the scene.

Richmond lay bathed in a slumbrous sheen of pearly silver light. The dark trees, and cows, and other things that ornament a first-class landscape were molten in liquid shadow. The balmy air was redolent of katy-dids and nightingales. Everything was pretty quiet, and looked bully.

PETER alone was wrathful and uneasy, in all that scene of heavenly calm.

Like STERNE's starling and Papa GREELEY's ideal nigger, he wanted his freedom.

Now, mark the subtle ingenuity of the cuss.

His first thought was, of course, to relieve himself of the weight of the chain and ball. This he accomplished by taking off his coat. His second idea was naturally to remove the sentinel, and this he thought best done by the gentle but rigorous hand of death. Accordingly, he pecked the soldier on the head with a sharp stone.

It was effectual.

A moment after, the ponderous key grated in the rusty lock; the heavy bolts slid back, and PETER swinging open the barred and iron clad door of the guard-tent, stole noiselessly forth, with no arms but a bowie-knife, two revolvers, a slung-shot, a small-sword and a heavy club; and with no provisions but a bottle of whiskey and a deck of cards.

Thus freed from durance vile, the Rebel Rival sped on the wings of purple wrath to Huntsville, and knocked at the gates of the city. He was admitted, and met the Right Reverend Brigadier Bishop General POLK, who was in command of the police, there.

"How d'ye, POLK?" said PETER.

"How d'ye, PETER?" said POLK.

"So-so. How's things?"

"Things is kalooshus."

"Bad defeat."

"Tol-lol. Come and licker?"

They went into a corner-grocery, and drank corn-whiskey assiduously for an hour, while PETER told his adventures. POLK then went to pay for the drinks, and offered the grocery-man two fifty-dollar Confederate notes. They had depreciated a little, and were held at just about the value of a quart of whiskey. The grocer looked indignant.

"No, Sir; said he;" "you don't play no sich points onto me. I may be a thunderin' big knave, and a mangy whelp, but I ain't no fool. Take yer licker and leave, but don't offer me no sich shinplasters as them!"

The Brigadier Bishop General left, looking rather red. It was wrong of the grocer to embarrass him that way. When sober, he was a very worthy man.

On this occasion, however, both he and PETER were pretty drunk, and the latter came very near losing his life.

Getting separated from his companion, PETER went stumbling around town, until some members of the Mississippi Cannibals happened to meet him. They took him for a spy, and being rather lively fellows, concluded to have some fun with him.

Accordingly, they loaded a fifteen-inch columbiad, with two pounds of powder, and tying PETER, hand and foot, thrust him into the gun. At a given signal, the command was uttered:

"Fire!"

The artilleryman stepped forward, and applied the match to the priming of the cannon.

(*To be Continued.*)

### Palming it upon Us.

Mr. JAMES REDPATH—significant name!—used to edit a paper here called the *Pine and Palm*. The worship of the negro was his superstition, with the African he was—theoretically—a black man and a brother. Lately, Mr. JAMES REDPATH has repudiated the lively negro insurrection melody chanted formerly by him, and sings, now, nothing but a palinode. The Wisest of men said once that a rod was the thing for a—well, for the back of any person suspected of weak intellects. Mr. JAMES REDPATH, whose backers have not left him a back to his back, thinks that his hand will be just as good for the deserved castigation, and so, cutting off a pliant wattle from the *Pine*, he asks the public to lay it across his *Palm*, and says he will leave off writing nonsense for the newspapers, and be a better boy for the future.

### News from the Sea.

All the tug-vessels employed in placing the Stone Fleet were more or less crippled in the discharge of that duty. They left their Tows in the main channel to Charleston harbor.

**A good General to command Coast Expeditions.**

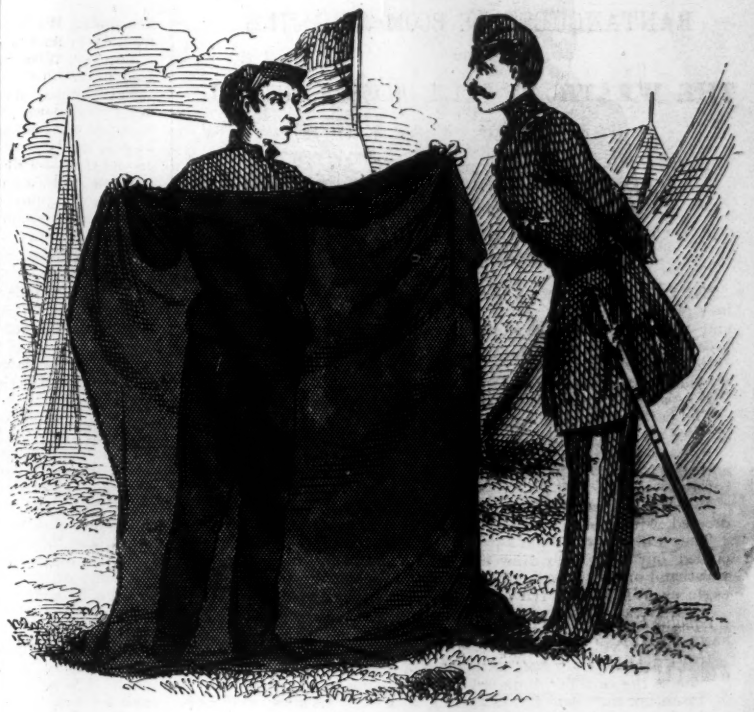
General LANDER.

### The Coolie Trade in New York.

Carting Ice about this time o' year.

**A Wick that gives a good deal of Light.**

VAN WYCK.



FROM OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT.

"THE NEW CAMP BLANKETS ARE SO REMARKABLY FINE, THAT MANY OF OUR SOLDIERS USE THEM FOR FISHING-NETS."

## STARRING IT AND BARRING IT.

Mr. DIONYSIUS LARDNER BOURCICAULT, as he used to call himself—he has dropped the middle name altogether, we believe, but we insist upon giving him L.—appears to have organized a second battalion of the celebrated New Orleans "Cock-tail Guard," at his theatre in London, the Adelphi. Whether the engagement of Mr. GEORGE JORDAN, of the above-named corps, who is now, we believe, on the strength of the Adelphi company, has anything to do with the Flagging state of business at that house, we cannot undertake to say. If such is the case, however, Mr. D. L. BOURCICAULT, or BOUCICAULT, may one day discover what the burn't-cork melody so sweetly inculcates upon us, namely, that the road of JORDAN is far from being a pleasant one to travel. "Under which King, Bezonian?" Was it not under the Stars and Stripes of the Union, and under the Ban, not the banner of the South, that the "Octoroon" first rained down golden dollars upon the dramatist? Great, or, rather, Ingrate dramatist! whose special THESPIS now waves the Stars and Bars of the S. C. over the proscenium of the Adelphi, to abase his benefactors! What next, Mr. DIONYSIUS L. BOURCICAULT? Will you produce the "Octoroon" at New Orleans, next? JORDAN'S is a hard road to travel, Mr. D. L. BOURCICAULT.

### Remarkable Zampillæronautostatic Feat.

This is what the gushing Albany *Statesman* says:

"Mr. DEMERS, of the *Troy Times*, went up with LA MOUNTAIN the other day in front of the enemy, and afterwards LAM daringly but loose and sailed directly over his head."

It is not quite clear over whose head the daring "LAM." sailed. If over his own head it must have been a decided case of Ossa upon Pelim. If he merely cut Mr. DEMER'S head loose and then sailed over it, he didn't do anything very remarkable: all which considered, we feel ourselves justified in crying Ban! to that LAM.

**The man who literally makes a living by Hook and by Crook.**

The walking-stick maker.

## A SQUIB BY OUR POWDER-MONKEY.

"It is announced that two tons of powder have been discovered bur ied on Gov JACKSON'S farm."—*Daily Paper.*

"What! Gunpowder dead?"
Exclaimed one, as he read
The announcement above that is quoted,
"And the sleeping two tons
By some rough sons of guns
Disinterred and to warfare devoted!"

Says another, says he
With *finesse*—"Don't you see
That as Gunpowder lives but by flashes,
Leaving nothing behind
But some smoke on the wind,
'Twere absurd to cry 'Peace to its Ashes?'"

### Apropos of New Year's Day!

With what fatal facility men acquire the slang of diplomacy. We lately heard a person describe a friend of his as TRIPARTITE, meaning that he was three parts intoxicated.

### A Con for Con-tractors.

*Q.* Why would MAHOMET have been a popular man among contractors, had he lived to the present improved period?

*A.* Because he was a Handsome Prophet.

### A Weighty Opinion.

"I guess lager beer makes folks hefty," said a cute looking country cousin on a city visit—"'Most all the chaps I see drinkin' it is Tew Tons."

### Spirit of the English Press.

Cotton Gin.

WE ALL HAVE OUR LITTLE TRIALS.

*Squalid Beggar.*—PRAY SIR, TAKE PITY ON A MISERABLE WRETCH—I HAVE A WIFE AND SIX CHILDREN.

*Gent.*—MY POOR FELLOW, ACCEPT MY HEARTFELT SYMPATHY—SO HAVE I!!

## A TALE OF TWO HEROES.

I.

A lordly house in a spacious square,
And a carriage before the door;
A carriage of workmanship costly and rare,
A damask, spring-cushioned carriage and pair,
The carriage in short of the millionaire
Major General BUFFER GALORE.

A soldier of Fortune in sooth is he,
And not of the "feather-bed" sort,
For, in that very equipage you see,
He has just made a campaign valiantly
Within telescope range of the enemy,
In a period remarkably short.

When Treason first lifted its hydra head
From the swamps of our Southern shore,
And the flag of Rebellion defiantly spread
Its stars, from the Union's bright canopy shied,
With emulous zeal to the Capital sped
The citizen BUFFER GALORE.

By a figure of speech he offered his sword
To his country's cause once more;
His heart's best blood should be freely poured
To defend her soil from the Rebel horde,
Provided they'd simply make him, *d'abord*,
Major General BUFFER GALORE.

The crisis is new and the peril great,
And Esquire GALORE, besides,
Has "friends at court," of the proper weight
For whom he has done little favors of late,
So a full Major General soon, in state,
In his spring-cushioned carriage he rides.

Three terrible months of wear and tear,
O'er the "sacred soil" he led
His foot-sore troops with fatherly care,
Reclined in his damask-lined coach and pair,
Wherever he heard that the Rebels were,—
But whence they had always just fled.

Three months until the modest hero vows
That his warlador days are o'er.
With a grace that is all his own he bows,
As his native deity in pride, endows
With the victor's wreath the martial brows
Of its own Major General GALORE.

And his lordly house in the spacious square
Seems lordlier than before;
He will soon be a double millionaire,
And even his unconscious carriage and pair
A sort of historic sacredness wear,
Since the campaign of BUFFER GALORE.

II.

From a narrow court in the lower town,
There shimmers a dusky glare;
The houses are stunted, and patched, and brown,
And their eaves seemed gnarled with a rugged frown,
As though they were wroth that the sun looked down
On the poverty huddled there.

An iron din, and a dusky glare,
And leashes of grimy men,
With, mayhap, a woman, scarce more fair,
Or a child with a the old, pinched face of care
Are all that pass to the outer air
From the depths of that sombre den.

On a summer day in the hot noontide,
A swart-brow'd man, and tall,
Flinging his ponderous hammer aside,
And doffing his apron of bullock's hide,
From the dusky court, with a resolute stride
Went forth at his country's call.

The column was cheered with lusty will
As it swung through the gazing town;
But weeping women followed it still,
And their eyes long watched, with loving skill,
The lessening files from the western hill
Till the Summer sun went down.

No jewelled sword did this soldier wear
To clang on his brawny calves:
He rode in no stately carriage and pair,
And was so very far from a millionaire,
That his comrades only knew him there
As private SLEDGE, of the Zouaves.

Yet the love that SLEDGE to the Union bore,
Though it seems absurd, you know,
Was as strong as that of the rich GALORE,
And his blood was quite as ready to pour;—
Indeed some think it was rather more,
Since, alas! it did really flow.

Three terrible months, in the battle wrack,
In the picket's deadly snare,
In the scout's lone midnight bivouac,
In the rear of retreat, in the van of attack,
And the swart Zouave again is back.
In the narrow court's dull glare.

But, alas! his hammer strikes no more
The sparks from the anvil's edge!
A one-armed cripple sits at the door
Of the smoke-brown cabin that rang of yore,
With the sturdy strokes and the forge's roar
Of the stalwart smith, WILL SLEDGE.

A warrant of land he had, 'tis true;
A hundred acres and more;
But where they fallow he never knew:
What could a one-armed cripple do?
The warrant was sold to a griping Jew,
To keep the wolf from the door.

So no clamors of welcome rend the air;
No laurel adorns his brow;
He bows from no lordly mansion there
To a blatant crowd in a spacious square,
And instead of a double millionaire
WILL SLEDGE is a Pauper now!

### A Parable for the Preacher.

At a dinner given recently at the Astor House, a difference arose between the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER and Mr. PARKE GODWIN, editor of the *Evening Post*, as to the matter of J. BULL, Esq. The Reverend BEECHER said he "loved him." Mr. GODWIN said he "hated him." Then the Reverend BEECHER turned upon Mr. GODWIN with this reply:

"That is because I am a Christian and you are not."

VANITY FAIR does not consider this speech insufferably impertinent at all, but would simply like to know what the Reverend BEECHER thinks of a certain Pharisee who went up into the temple to pray, and stood apart from the lowly publican and said:

"I thank Thee that I am not as other men are * * * even as this publican."

The Reverend BEECHER will please turn to the chronicles of St. Luke, xviii—11., for a fuller report.

### A Present meant as a New Year's gift for all Decent People.

The Presentment by the Grand Jury, with regard to the Broadway Concert Saloons.

### The best of the Cardinal Points.

The West—since the good news from General POPE's division in Missouri.

### A New Year's Call for all of us.

The call of suffering Ireland.

### Every bit as good as Silvery Notes.

Treasury Notes.

*First Specimen.*—AW—GUS, WHY DON'T YOU SHAVE YOUR CHIN AND CULTIVATE THE ENGLISH STYLE OF WHISKERS?

*Second ditto.*—AW SHOULD DO SO, MA BAWY, BUT FACT IS MY LUNGS NEED THE PROTECTION OF A BEAWD—AW.

## CONFESSIONS OF A REPORTER.

TAKEN FROM HIS DYING LIPS, BY A FRIEND AND PHONOGRAPHER.

My form is nearly ready to go down, DRIBBLE; write right away! I was destined for the ministry, but failed to fulfil my destiny and become a sub in the city department of a lethargic daily. There I passed the years that have intervened so far, and now that I am going to report elsewhere, I wish to make a few explanations in regard to certain matters with which the public is, or has been interested. I do not wish to have what I shall say set up, because the editors of the daily might object to some portions of it, and kill my complimentary obituary in the make-up to-morrow night.

In my time I have been booked for about four hundred meetings, lectures and exhibitions. Of these I confess to having attended only thirteen. The reports for the balance were cribbed, boiled down or enlarged, from the evehing papers or from other fellows copy. I objected to attending some meetings where description was required, chiefly because it was always easier for me to depict things from imagination than reality. I remember having written about thirty six columns, minion solid, of Skating Carnivals, Ice Frolics, and Scenes at Central Park without ever going nearer to 59th street than CROOK & DUFF'S. I have also jerked about forty columns of scenes and incidents during processions, military, political and others, without any data whatever, beyond that furnished by a welch rabbit, a Toby of half-and-half, and a pencil and scrap of paper. I don't mean to go back on any of the boys who are not ready to accompany me to the bourne whence &c., but I feel it due to my reputation, to say that my sensations were no stronger than their's as a general rule. At times I worked off a few Washington letters on telegrams when the news was scarce, or the wires didn't work, but wouldn't have done it had I not been put to it by the Tycoons and Owls.

My forte was surmising. I could surmise any particulars on any given subject with great facility, and my people kept me at it pretty steadily. What few axes I ground never cut much for me—I don't believe that I ever was tipped with more than forty slugs in my life. I have amassed considerable intelligence on every point, so much so that I was in hopes of hiring out to APPLETON as volume X. Y. Z. of the Encyclopedia, but I see I am booked to furnish my lost items to-night. What I haven't seen of life I suppose can't be worth seeing—so I don't care about it now. Some people think I owe them coin—they ought to know, I'm sure—I don't, I don't feel as if I owed anybody anything except grudges.

I hope the public will forgive and forget my numberless sells—they were generally interesting and worth two cents a day. Next to that of a reporter, DRIBBLE, you can say that I think the position of Head Pauper in our alms house, is the finest one on this Continent. Good night, by telegraph! DRIBBLE!

### This is Surely Progress.

A provincial editor has opened a new and original department in his journal, situated in the vicinity of the matrimonial, natal, and obituary notices. To say the least it is convenient and very expressive, as may be seen from the following illustration:

ELOPED.—Eloped on the 1st inst., CHARLES HENRY, son of MARTIN EYCLESHYMER and JANE WELLING, adopted daughter of HENRY WIER, both of Pittstown.—December 6, 1861. HENRY WIER.

In a week or two we shall expect to find a special department for the Abducted, announcements to be paid for at regular rates.

### The Kind of thing they do down in Jersey.

Why is an archery butt like a bridle?
Because it is made to receive a(n)arrow head!

### Sentument, by an Operative.

"A Barber's industry, like that of a Carpenter, should be shown by the number of his Shavings."

### Vehicles of Expression.

Cartes de visite.

## COTTON AND CORN.

I.

COTTON and CORN were mighty kings,
Who differed at times, on certain things,
To the country's dire confusion;
CORN was peaceable, mild, and just,
But COTTON was fond of saying "You *must*,"
So after he'd boasted, bullied, and cussed,
He got up a revolution.

II.

Now, CORN was loth to make it a fight,
But he felt that COTTON would crush the Right,
So he came to the Law's protection;
He raised an army a million strong
To lift up the Right and put down the Wrong,
And it certainly seemed that he, ere long,
Should wipe out the insurrection.

III.

But the LION . . . a quarrelsome whelp, by the way . . .
Took it upon himself to say,
Without license, leave, or permission,
That the *casus belli* was all in a horn,
That COTTON was just as right as CORN,
And that he should soon, as sure as you're born,
Give COTTON his recognition.

IV.

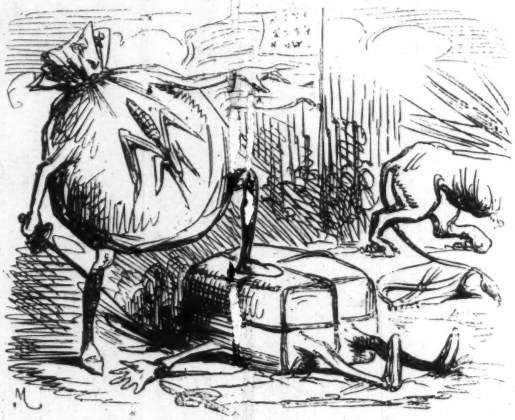
Then CORN grew wrathy, and one fine day,
When COTTON'S Commissioners sailed away
To visit the LION'S dominions,
He took them quietly from the ship
And jugged them where there could be no slip
'Twixt the cup of good luck and Justice's lip,
To await the Law's opinions.

V.

Then O, how angry the LION grew!
'Twas a British ship with a British crew
Whence CORN the Rebels had taken;
So the LION fretted. and schemed, and planned
To take a strong and dignified stand,
Yet still to leave, on the other hand,
A chance for saving his bacon.

VI.

For you see that COTTON, though all very fine,
Is of little use when you want to dine,
While CORN is an institution
Without whose aid the LION must go
Dinnerless, supperless, to and fro,
So, spite of his wrath, this cut will show
The end of the revolution!



### Mind your French.

Young people! you cannot over-rate the importance of attending assiduously to your lessons in French. You have all heard, or heard of, the celebrated JOHN B. GOUGH, the temperance lecturer. Unfortunately for Mr. GOUGH, he has neglected, among other things, to cultivate the French language. There was lately published, in Paris, a book called *Un Essai sur Tite Live*." The title of this work took the fancy of the great temperance lecturer, who supposed it to be an an analysis of the drunkard's career. He bought the book. He employed a linguist to translate it. He began to read it, when it was translated, and then, to his mortification, he discovered that *Tite Live* is only the French for TITUS LIVIUS, after all! Young people! see how necessary it is to be proficient in French!

### Cd Enough.

"I don't see what is the matter with the magazines, complained the Landlady; "I don't get them regularly at all . . . only now and then a number."

"So much the better, Madam," said X.

"And why?"

"Because, Madam, 'there's Luck in Odd Numbers!'"

### The First, Last, and Only.

JEFF. DAVIS, replying to a serenade, opens his little speech thus: "Our victory is Won."

This is evidently a misprint. JEFF. was alluding to Bull Run, and said, "Our victory is One!"

# MRS. COLUMBIA

## SHOWS LITTLE JEFF. DAVIS HIS CHRISTMAS TREE.

XUM

## SQUARE-TOED DOINGS IN BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn is at the other end of the Fulton Ferry, and it is usually worth two cents to go there. It is dangerous to stay too long in Brooklyn, as there is no telling what might happen to you. Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER attends to the place and keeps it from going to seed. He is said to be in the interest of the Union Ferry Company; if it were not for that he would in all probability live on this side of the East River like other people. Somewhere or other about the place there is, or was an Opera House, without a great deal of opera.

The edifice was erected in the year 29,000, chiefly in opposition to the hand-organists who monopolised the opera at the time. The builders were stockholders of the deepest dye, who were also interested in the Plymouth Church. These men thought that an Opera House was a purified hippodrome, or a sort of sanctified Free Concert Saloon; a place where it was not so wicked to go as it seemed, or as it might be. A place that they had no doubt St. PETER would have attended, had he lived in Brooklyn and owned a pew in Mr. BEECHER'S Church. In its way they esteemed it a Moral Musical Museum—SUSINI replacing the "Great Behemoth of the Scriptures," MANCUSI the "What-is-it?" and BRIGNOLI the "Living Whale" that finally died. We had proposed giving some idea in this place, of how disappointed the whole tribe of Stockholders were when ULLMANN opened his show for them in their holy playhouse, but on second thoughts we will not. Suffice it to say "white chokers is riz in Brooklyn." No more opera if you please, for Mrs. or Mr. STOCKHOLDER. Symphonies perhaps, but no more "furrin operies" for people who reside in Brooklyn, who use Brooklyn Prayer Books, who eat Brooklyn Steam Bakery Bread, who drink Brooklyn Ridgewood Water, and who converse in a Brooklyn tongue. Brooklyn is noted for its old ladies with spectacles, and they can't see this sort of thing. If a Symphony to suit them cannot be had ready made, like F. Y .S., what do you think they are going to do? Why, hire DAN BRYANT to make one, and give a boy a shilling to carry it over to them in his arms. If DAN BRYANT says, as he always does, that he too "can't see it," then they have another resource. They will engage a Stockholder with a pure mind, and a limp, to write a Symphony out of his own head—and that will be grand. You can't tree the Brooklyn folks—they mean to have things all their own way. We venture to say that the Stockholder's Symphony will be a grand thing, with trimmings and an accordeon movement. Bones will be introduced to depict the tears of a German lady with a broken English accent, and a passion for pawn tickets. Probably there will be solos for the *Armenia's* sweet-toned Calliope. Besides there may be bagpipes, musical toy cats, tin horns, omnibus bells, typical of cough lozenges and Mrs. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup. If written, the work will doubtless live and be played to crowded houses.

Probably when these things shall have come to pass, BRIGNOLI will offer to act as children's nurse in some quiet family, where the profanity of the gentlemen is all done in a minor key, and ULLMANN will ask permission to ride behind General GEORGE WASHINGTON, who is bound north from Union Square on a brass horse with a German silver tail.

We hope that the day of the Stockholder's Symphony is not far off.

That is about the way musical matters get on in the Squared-Toed Metropolis—let us cast an eye upon purely dramatic arrangements.

Not long since—or at any rate "once upon a time"—somebody proposed that the Directors of this same Orthodox Opera House should "lease it for dramatic representations," or, in New York parlance, let it become a theatre. This was a quiet business proposition, but the effect upon the lordly Stockholders was quite similar to that occasioned by the administering of treacle and brimstone to the gay and rollicking pupils of Dotheboy's Hall, England—during the "Squeery dear" era. Virtuous ventricles sickened at the thought, and every eye from horror assumed a milky whiteness.

If "Traviata" was bad, what was the condition of the "Seven Sons?" If the "Ballo" was a high handed outrage, what about "The Merchant of Venice?" No! Never! Not if they lived a thousand years, and their grandchildren should become professional horse-stealers and assassins.

Well, time rolled on, and another somebody appeared with information that there was a Moral Drama in full blast near the old Park, New York, and that it was more than paying expenses. Couldn't Brooklyn arrange for a little Moral Drama? Oh! Ah! Aye! Exactly! That was the thing! That might do! Especially if it could be controlled wholly by the Board of Directors.

The result was more meetings to consider the propriety of this style of things, and finally a resolution was adopted inviting proposals for a Moral Drama at the Academy of Music. Of course there came a response, and a lease of the house was given to an able manager—whom may the gods assist, say we. Last week the able manager announced his programme, the chief feature of which was the play of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," and together with it published the following card:

A CARD.—The lessee respectfully states that the above announcement is made contingent to the approval of the Board of Directors of the Academy, to be determined at a special meeting this evening.

Now if words mean what they used to, the interpretation of the foregoing would seem to imply that the Directors intended reading Hamlet, and the other pieces named in the programme, and deciding thereafter whether they were sufficiently proper to be offered to the eminently holy of Brooklyn.

We should like to have been present at the meeting, and heard the discussion that was probably called forth on the occasion. We wonder whether the Directing brethren understood that Hamlet was Prince of Denmark and not of Darkness, and that SHAKESPEARE (GRANT WHITE'S friend) is thought to have had a hand in the writing of it. We wonder whether in the reading parts were assigned those present, and if so, which of the accomplished judges personated Ophelia and the interesting grave-diggers. Again whose edition was used, and what disputes occurred apropos of the foot notes? Had Hamlet been tabled would they have given attention to "Othello," The "Merry Wives," or "King Lear," or called instantly for "JOE BROS." "EDWARD J. MIDDLETON, or the Drunkard saved," or say the Ledgery Romantic drama? It is truly cheering to know that the morals of Brooklyn are in such excellent keeping, and the shade of SHAKESPEARE is to be congratulated when a board of self-appointed critics undertake to argue the fitness of the creation of his genius, as they would test the qualities of sugar, guano or tobacco. WHITE on SHAKESPEARE was rather hard, but what was he to CHITTENDEN? What next will arise to give notoriety to the Devoted Tribe of the House of Music and Drama, Brooklyn, Long Island, N. Y., U. S., N. A.? Eh? What next.?

## OUR BOOK REVIEW.

GRIMM'S POPULAR TALES. FIRST AND SECOND SERIES, 2 VOLS. BOSTON: CROSBY & NICHOLS.

In these moving times, when people are but too much inclined to display the brow of perplexed thought when it would be better for them to look a little lively, it is good to get a smile, now and then. This, Messrs. CROSBY & NICHOLS, of Boston, have kindly provided for their friends, in their handsome edition of GRIMM'S famous "German Tales." Depend upon it, that there is many a smile, albeit a Grimm one, lurking between the leaves of these volumes, which are adorned with clever illustrations by WEHNERT and others.

LESSONS IN LIFE. BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB. 1 VOL. NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER.

More of the sweet than of the bitter, in this thoughtfully written book from the pen of the author of "Bitter Sweet." Some critics have impeached Dr. HOLLAND for milk and water, but we, with a perspicacity peculiar to us, can see that there is a good deal of Spirit in HOLLAND'S productions. No allusion to Hollands Gin.

## IMPOSSIBILITIES OF THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

Why will people undertake, when going to Fancy Dress parties, to represent such impossible characters as "Morning," "Evening," "Sunbeam," "Rainbow" and so on? What makes them think that they can look like a time of day or a set of prismatic colors? Not long since we read of a lady who filled the character of The "Evening News," a journal published in the town where the circumstance occurred, and the thought immediately struck us that after that we may expect to see our ball rooms thronged with "Christmas Day," "Fourth of July," "All Fool's Day," "A picnic in New Jersey," "Orange County Milk," "Thunder and Lightning," and possibly a "Heavy Snow Storm" and the "Burning of Charleston. All of which would be interesting and quite novel.

Suppose we try it.

### The "Berdan" of our Song.

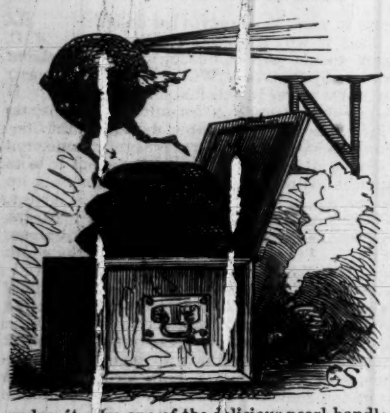
Sir E. BULWER LYTTON says that Democracy is the only True Leveller.

Yes, Sir E! and that's the reason why America produces so many first-rate marksmen.

### From our Night Editor.

"I don't see the thing in that Light"—as the Owl said when the Mouse ran into the Lantern.

## HARDEE MADE EASY.



NEW Year brings with it a century of new inventions in the destructive missile way, each appearing more tastefully adapted than the other, for a souvenir of the season. What could be neater for a lady's work-table than one of those miniature seven-barrelled pistols, with their elegant silver and blue steel mountings, now to be seen in the show-cases of the hardware merchants? Nothing, indeed, unless it were one of the delicious pearl-handled daggers that grace the same repositories—æsthetic weapons such as a Roman mother might pronounce perfect for the dispatch of business. "Toy not with my affections!" cried a hazel-eyed Amazon with burnt-sienna hair, to whom we lately presented a specimen of each of these toys. We left her presence and the neighborhood.

Looking from our window down upon the back yard of our next-door neighbor, we discerned through the grey mist of morn a brass cannon about fourteen feet long, mounted upon a carriage with wheels at least eight feet high. Rushing out, we called hastily for the proprietor of that messuage or dwelling-house, and were informed that he had just gone away with a clam wagon to the arsenal, for seven or eight hundred pounds of powder to load the dreadful engine with. It was a New Year's gift to him from a dear friend in the trade. We have changed our lodgings.

Our new chambers are elegant, and the house has a tendency to variety. If we say that every day, and most of the nights are checkered like a draught board, we merely limit ourselves to fact. The young man with the pistols, in the room below, has fitted up his fire-place for a target, and now it is more a fire-place than ever, for he assiduously blazes away at it from dawn until dusk. The young man with the swords occupies the room immediateiy over ours. He is of industrious habits, and six hours a day of the sword dance must qualify him, ere many months, for an exhibition of that charming performance in public. The young man with the torpedo, or infernal machine, has been removed by the landlady into the basement, as she "guesses she sees herself a sweeping powder and things from off of the stairs three or four times a day after *him*." The young man with the Irish accent, and pike, has fitted up a stuffed Saxon oppressor with old clothes and straw, and is "giving it to him" with great vigor as we write. The young man with the tomahawk plants it now, with great precision, in the centre of our door, from the end of a long gallery, nine times out of ten. The young man with the crutch has had a sword blade inserted in that end to the understanding, and is writing a tract about raising an army of cripples. The young man with the lance bestrides an imaginary war-steed, and is practising cavalry tactics through the house at large.

There are several other young men in the house, all suffering under the infliction of Christmas or New Year's gifts of the kind indicated above; but we will not enumerate them at present.

### Southern Sentiment.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, talking about the "Yankee prisoners of war" in that city, and their destitute condition, says that the Federal government should have made it a binding duty to clothe these soldiers.

To our somewhat practical Northern mind it appears that, if the poor fellows only get the clothing, they won't be very particular as to the Binding.

### Pepper Sauce.

The *Times*, in a review of the *Herald's* "Personal" advertisements, calls that virtuous journal a "*spicy* paper."

On consideration of the matter, we conclude that the spice of the *Herald* must consist chiefly of Cloves, because the Cloven foot is seen sticking out very often, and the proprietor of it boasts that he lives in Clover.

## CABINET CONVERSATION PIECES.

### No. 2.

SCENE.—*The Cabinet at Washington.*

*Present.*—*The* PRESIDENT and MEMBERS of the CABINET, *in extraordinary session.* REPORTER of VANITY FAIR *seated in a velvet chair at a satin-wood table, with a six-inch Regalia between his teeth.*

*President.*—Bully for you! CAMERON; I hope your Christmas dinner agreed with you.

*Sec. of War.*—It did, sir, thank you. I wish all my colleagues may never agree with me worse than it did. How much better a tonic than anybody's bitters in the consciousness of a successful result. Seen the soldiers is their sky blue things, yet?

*President.*—Yes, sir: and things are looking bluer than ever with them. Why did you discard the dark blue pants?

*Sec. of War.*—Saved you three-quarters of a million of dollars in the cost of indigo, by the change, that's all.

*President.*—We ought to grow our own indigo, by-the-bye: from its very name it should be Indigenous. But what about this news from Canada? The papers from Quebec say—"we are expecting the Transports every hour."

*Sec. of War.*—Expecting the Transports! expecting Fits from us!

*President.*—That's about the size of it. But nothing will come of it, this time, we had better believe. *Ex Uno Nil Fit*, as the great NAPOLEON said in his queer Corsican French, when he slashed his way through the cavalry of the swift and wily foeman at the Battle of the Nile.

*Sec. of State.*—You preserve your history with great exactness, sir. I have observed that memory is bountifully bestowed by Nature upon the Western kind of man.

*President.*—Thank you, sir: but we have our Star in the East, or perhaps N. E. by N., too, and the first letter of his name is BILL SEWARD.

*Sec. of State.*—That is handsome, indeed. I hope the Reporter for VANITY FAIR is taking a note of that.

*Reporter.*—O! ain't I, just!

*President.*—Let us camp down a little about this English question, now. How does the ice look, this morning?—Dangerous?

*Sec. of Navy.*—Air-holes around, I guess. Keep the outside edge, though, and skate slick around 'em, so nobody will fall through.

*President.*—You did not quite take my joke, sir: when I made use of the word Ice, it was with direct reference to the SLIDELL business.

*Sec. of Treasury*—I see it, though!—I used to slide, myself, when a boy, and think it first-rate for the Chest. There's nothing slouchy about *my* Chest: not much!

*President.*—But the talk is, how the British Lion roars. Gentlemen, I know a man, a Western man, at that, who can roar the British animal's head off, and is ready to begin at a short notice. We must keep plenty of roar on hand. Families are invited to send in their orders.

*Sec. of the Interior.*—This is very interesting: this is pure Saxon.

*President.*—Gentlemen, I know something about Lions, I do. Once, as I was coming down the Huckmucky river on a raft, a huge lion came to the edge to drink—a regular sociologer, I tell you, mostly all mane and roar. When he spied me out in the river, he made a lunge right onto the green-scummed, rily water, thinking it was a pleasant, mossy field, and me a victim awaiting him on a platform in the middle of it. Well, I guess you ought have seen him when he came up, and how small and dirty he looked with his mane all slicked close down as he loped away into the woods. "Hooray!" cried I, hollering after him as he ran, "that comes of folks treading upon delicate ground!"

*Sec. of State*—That is the best lion story I ever heard. It takes the spots off Androcles' Lion.

*President.*—I was not acquainted with ANDREW CLAY, sir, and am glad you do not compare his lion to mine.

*Sec. of Navy.*—Will the Executive be so good as to inform us whether any communication on the subject of that *Trent* business has been made to him by General SCOTT?

*President.*—I have had communication with the General, sir: I said to him "How are you General SCOTT?" Your Stone Fleet did some execution at Charleston, Mr. WELLES, but might have done more. Who left Maffit's Channel open—eh?

*Sec. of Navy.*—I thought we were sitting on the *Trent* difficulty. What does Lord LYONS mean by importing a ship-load of telegraphic cypher from England? Is all correspondence about the Trent difficulty to be carried on in telegraphic cypher?

*President.*—You are mixing matters up, sir: Lord LYONS with mere Cypher, and both with General SCOTT. I think we had better adjourn.

## THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

VISIONS have been very good to us, lately. On Thursday last, the 26th of December, we were present, by invitation, at the impressive ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a new Court House in the old Park. Poor new Court House! with all its Trials before it, like every infantile thing newly ushered into this vale of tears. Full details have been given by the daily papers of this interesting event, with one exception as to a detail: they forgot to mention that the mortar used upon the occasion was made by Mr. DENNIS MURTIGAN. Honor to whom honor is due.

But about the visions, which were those of a remote future; and they arose before our mind's vision, just as about a bushel and a half of New York journals, various, were shot down into their sepulchre under the great stone, as a caution to future generations. First, we saw the manifest destiny of the edifice, as it must appear after an indefinite lapse of centuries and of its building materials; and very severe it looked in its ruin, preserving an outline of great respectability in the form of its fall.

The next vision that appeared to us was that of a very fine looking specimen of the future New York rowdy, who stood by the ruins with his consort—a charming sample of the futurity that looms for that progressing class. They were watching some elegant future New-Yorko-Hibernians, who were occupied in prying up the great old corner stone, and into the ancient newspapers revealed to them as they moved it from its position.

"How much we have to be thankful for, my love," said the mild New York rowdy of the future, as, after having hastily skimmed over the vituperative departments of three or four of the papers, which happened to be the leading City dailies of the present day, he threw them from him in disgust. "How dreadful a lot life must have been in an age when the dandlers of the Public Baby made use of such language to one another as these journals contain."

"That's so, dearest," replied his consort, with a witching smile; "but, better than that—how jolly for us that we live during the venerable, honored, and beautiful middle-age of this dear old fellow here."

And so saying, she drew the last number of VANITY FAIR for the year 1861 from the heap, and, folding it carefully up, and placing it in her bosom, led her husband joyously away with the sweetest *abandon*.

And then the last vision loomed before us. It was the ghost of the Senior Editor of the *Tribune*, tearing wildly upon a weird hobby-horse around the ruins of his journal.

---

The only true Lever by which John Bull can ever hope to raise the blockade for his Rebel Confederacy.

Leave her to her fate.

---

### Our General Summary.

No Winter, yet.

## PENDLETON.

VANITY FAIR is averse to what Mr. CARLYLE has designate the Spouting-Wretch." That is why it objects to PENDLETON, M. C. from Ohio. PENDLETON spouts with a fluency and vigor seldom equalled, except, perhaps, by BARNUM's White Whale. He gave the House a specimen of his power in this line one day, lately. It was on the question—raised by PENDLETON himself—of the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*. PENDLETON declared that Congress alone has the power of suspending that privilege. PENDLETON thought it was very wicked and tyrannical in the President to take upon himself the responsibility of such an act. PENDLETON took up a great deal of valuable time in venting his views on this subject. His speech fills two closely printed columns in the daily papers. PENDLETON ought to be ashamed of himself on this account alone, but we don't suppose he is. For in his speech, he manifests a cheek incapable of blushing. Just listen to his argument:

The President, according to PENDLETON, suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* from motives of ambition, from a desire to do away with this Republic and set up in its stead a Monarchy of which he—the President, not PENDLETON—should be chief ruler. *Lincoln et imperator* was the President's idea, according to this worthy congressman. The schemes of the would-be Emperor are laid bare with a ruthless hand by the gentleman from Ohio. He assures us that if the President is allowed to go on in this way:

"The public mind will become degraded, the people on every fresh occasion for the exercise of this power will yield still a little more to these encroachments, till the public will will be destroyed, the public intellect warped, the national character tarnished, and the national life of liberty and independence overthrown. They will become the plaything of every tyrant, and each successive invasion of their rights will tamely submitted to until all appreciation of independence and rights and freedom is forever lost."

After this precious piece of "blubber" the Spouter gives us still another wail. He sorrows because seditious persons have been put in Fort Lafayette and says with a snivel:

"Newspapers have been suspended, and the whole power of the government despotically exercised without a public murmur."

Had PENDLETON any interest in the *Daily News*, we wonder? The above fragment sounds extraordinarily like an extract from "Brother Ben's Valedictory."

Having made the picture of our subjugation as dismal as he can conveniently, PENDLETON proceeds to cheer us with the statement that it will ever be thus, that we shall never cease to bow our necks beneath the yoke of the despot and that the bonds of oppression shall be stricken from our limbs only at the end of time.

This is indeed melancholy!

Totally ignorant, apparently, of the fact that in "this yere" country the state means the Republic and not its rulers, PENDLETON favors us with the following:

"No free nation ought ever listen for a moment to the argument of state necessity. The history of those people who have been so deceived is written in the wreck of free institutions. It is marked with wrongs, with high hopes destroyed, and noble aspirations violated and trampled upon. If we look over the pathway of desolation thus exposed to view, we may easily imagine that we see the spirit of American independence and American freedom hovering over this day, tearfully praying it, too, may not be added to the long list of victims immolated on the altar of state necessity."

This "state necessity" is PENDLETON's bugbear. It seems to worrit him. Possibly it keeps him awake nights. At all events he wants it stopped. Stopped "speedily." Stopped "now.", If it isn't he says:

"Ere long comes the mandate to surrender to military power. An imperia throne rises on the ruins of an overthrown republic; oaths are violated, liberties swept away; rights trampled on, and a nation is prostrated in the dust."

It strikes us that we have had something very like this, before. Not only in the valedictory of that loyal and upright gentleman, Hon. BENJAMIN WOOD, but in the Proclamation and Messages of JEFF. DAVIS, GOV. PICKENS *et id genus omne*. The latter, we remember, were particularly cantankerous in their remarks on MR. LINCOLN for the same reasons that Mr. PENDLETON advances. Went so far, we believe, as to call him "a bloated despot." The fact of the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* they hailed as the harbinger of our ruin. They thereupon cavorted, polemically, in token of their joy. Mr. PENDLETON doesn't cavort exactly, but in every other respect he imitates the speech of the rebel leaders. Is Mr. PENDLETON troubled in the BRECKINRIDGE way, for instance?

We confess we are very much surprised that this worthy gentleman from Ohio should get himself into such a perspiration, as well as lay himself open to the charge of being a sympathizer with th

rebels, when we find him in another part of his speech making this admission :

"The Constitution provides that the writ of *habeas corpus* shall never be suspended except in cases of rebellion or invasion, or under circumstances when the public safety demands it."

and adding :

"Who shall suspend it? That is the question."

This is indeed ridiculous!

PENDLETON, after declaring that, if the writ of *habeas corpus* is suspended, we shall all wear the tyrant's chain, finally concedes that the Constitution provides for such suspension in times like the present, and acknowledges that the only question is, who shall do the business?

So it appears that this aerated person from Ohio is only huffy because the President "took time by the hair," (as L. KOSSUTH, Esq., once eloquently remarked,) and suspended the writ before the assembling of Congress!

We are glad to record here that PENDLETON's colleague, Mr. BINGHAM, administered to him a deserved rebuke, and that the House smashed it irretrievably by a vote of 108 against 26.

PENDLETON had better spend his evenings in future with Dame SAULSBURY (Del.) of the Senate. If the old ladies are disposed to be bacchic we can recommend flax-seed tea as an exhilarating beverage to persons of their order of mind.

## A SERIOUS WORD TO EARL RUSSELL, FROM VANITY FAIR.

MY LORD.—We have a habit you are not much accustomed to, of straight talk, and honest dealing; so you need not be amazed, if we speak very plainly in this despatch.

You have all your life been a place-seeker, or a place-holder. To get power and money, you have always turned your back on your friends, and let your Reform Measures go to the dogs. Whenever you have been an "out," and any American Question came up, you were a warm advocate of our Republic. When you were an "in," you changed your tone. When Liberty was at stake in a foreign nation, or at home, you have been its noisest champion—if an "out." If an "in" you have done your best to crush it in Ireland, Hungary, Italy, Spain and Poland. It was with a pang, that you saw even old Greece become free. For half a century, if an "out," you have bowled for Freedom and Free Governments; if an "in" you have resorted to the very last trick to keep there. You have, if an "out," always paraded your friendship for the United States, and virulently assailed any Tory or Conservative ministry. "In" again, you first veered, then hesitated, then tacked, and then attacked us, our Government, and all American things. You know our Republic had never had any fair play from any ministry except the Tories or Conservatives. All Americans involuntarily say of British politicians of your stripe.—"Save us from our friends and we will take care of our enemies." But you have reserved the meanest and most bare-faced tergiversation of your public life, till you were pressing the verge of your mortal existence. After pointing a thousand times with exultation to our great and prosperous Nation, and deploring the two wars England waged against us, you are now gloating over the prospect (as you deem it) of our speedy disruption and downfall. After hobnobbing with every abolitionist and fêteing every run-away American negro who managed to reach England, and imploring Britons no longer to use slave-grown cotton and sugar—you now take sides with the "nigger-driving" secessionists of the Rebel States, who are trying to break down freedom in America, and extend the area of that accursed institution, and sanctify the revival of the African slave-trade. You are threatening war against the United States unless we will surrender two intercepted traitors, on their way to your abolition arms and sympathies, the chiefest emissaries which the slavery you have always pretended to hate, could send to your shores!

Oh! JOHN RUSSELL! how unworthy is all this of the descendant of your great ancestor, who sealed with his blood on the scaffold his life-long devotion to the cause of justice, and human freedom. Why must you, just as you are ending your career, rob your proud name of that ancient halo which gathered around it, by expending your last efforts in trying to blot out free Government, for which the Founder of your race so nobly died, and perpetuating on our virgin soil African Slavery? which the world is clamoring to see blotted out?

My Lord, do you plead that the necessity of slave-grown cotton, calls for so dastardly a betrayal by yourself of all the *souvénirs* of your life? and will you, to accomplish this purpose, trample on all the canons of International law and become public robbers and go and steal this cotton? If you attempt it would you succeed? How much cotton would you get before your ministry went down? Before you lost a market for your commerce with 23.000.000 freemen? Before our bread stuffs, which are now keeping the wolf away from British doors, would reach your shores? Before bread riots would occur throughout the British Islands which would make you turn pale? Before all seas would swarm with our privateers—now twenty fold more numerous than in 1812, when you found them too fleet and two strong for you? Before you encountered in addition to 2.000.000 of our native soldiers and sailors, half a million of adopted citizens—able bodied men, *formerly British Subjects* and burning to avenge the wrongs of centuries inflicted on their devoted island?

My Lord, do you plead that the exigencies of statesmanship demand that you should turn the arms of the earth against you? Do you suppose that NAPOLEON would lose such a chance for avenging Waterloo? or Russia for taking Constantinople? or all despotisms for crushing your supremacy, or all the Peoples of Europe for crushing monarchy?

It would seem that England should be willing, at least, to let us manage our domestic affairs, since she has incurred a quarter of her National Debet in interfering with them. That she should not now take to her arms "the foul corpse of African Slavery on our soil," when it cost her *five hundred million dollars* to get rid of it in her own territories! Should not the Founder of Modern Liberty be glad to see how prosperously the brood of her young eagles had founded an empire-home in the New World's forests, and not writhe, and chafe, and bark at and hawk at our nest, till she could come here and tear it to pieces?

The time had gone by, we hoped when England our *own mother* would try to become *our step-mother!* Why could she not have been proud in the pride of her daughter, and let her wear the jewels she had herself so nobly won? And yet malicious people say that England acts like some old dame, who, after parting with the title to a daughter's estate, feels that she has still some *reserved right* left, to interfere in what no longer concerns her; and casts now and then an envious glance at beauty yet unshrivelled, and conquests forever beyond her reach.

Can it be my Lord, that such unworthy feelings as these can now enter your heart as an English Statesman? We cannot believe it. Can you desire to put one more great trouble on the heart of your beloved, widowed queen? We cannot believe it.

My Lord! You should be engaged in doing some good to the people of your own empire, rather than in trying to hurt a great, a kindred and a friendly Nation. After attempting so long to be a statesman, do not finish by being only a ministerial bully.

**Vanity Fair.**

### "The Southern Turf."

With the above heading, the *Herald* gives an article from the New Orleans *Picayune*, on the subject of races lately got up under the auspices of the "Metairie Jockey Club."

Now, our opinion with regard to the Southern Turf is this; that if the great Rebel Race could be run *under* instead of *on* the Southern Turf, or any other turf, it would be something for the newspapers to notice in a cheerful obituary.

### A Port always open to John Bull.

Among items of news from Europe, we find it stated that :

"Portugal inclines towards England, as was to be expected."

Of course it was. Anybody who has ever observed the fine fruity complexion of JOHN BULL's nose, must be easily persuaded to believe that Portugal "inclines" toward that vinous old person —"and a market."

### Acrobatic.

Regretting the approaching departure of Mr. WILLIAM HANLON, a City paper alludes to a delighted hope that the daring young athletic would have remained "stationary" among us.

Under all the circumstances, would not "Zampillærostationary" have been a neater word?

### What Plant should be worn as an emblem on New Year's Day?

Any one of the Multicaules.

### British Colors.

A Neutral Tint.

# VANITY FAIR,

## A JOURNAL OF WIT, SATIRE AND HUMOR,

ILLUSTRATED BY

THE BEST AMERICAN COMIC ARTISTS.

With the present number, we commence the FIFTH VOLUME of this popular Journal, which is allowed in all quarters to be the best Humorous Periodical yet produced in the UNITED STATES.

### WRITERS OF WELL KNOWN ABILITY

will continue to contribute to the pages of VANITY FAIR.

### POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS,

levelled at the follies of the day, or showing up the abuses existing in all manner of PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS, Civil as well as Military, will appear from time to time in our columns.

### CARTOONS,

or Pictures of Political Characters and Events, giving curious and Facetious interpretations of

### THINGS AS THEY ARE,

As well as

### THINGS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE,

Will, as hitherto, be a regular feature of our Journal.

SUBSCRIBERS TO VANITY FAIR

will find it a pleasant medium of instruction upon the Current Topics of the Social and Political World. No pains will be spared to make it a vehicle for the castigation of

**The Fraudulent Jobber,**

**The Rapacious Contractor,**

**The Flagitious Politician,**

**And the Seditious Abettor of Secession.**

In addition to these features, each number will contain sharp allusions, with Pen and Pencil, to the social events, humors and lapses of the community at large.

### UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION

IS OUR MOTTO;

A ROD IN PICKLE FOR ALL WHO DESERVE IT,

AND

A WORD IN AID OF ALL WHO NEED AND ARE WORTHY OF IT.

These are the principles of VANITY FAIR.

☞ For terms of Subscription, etc, see the second page of this number.